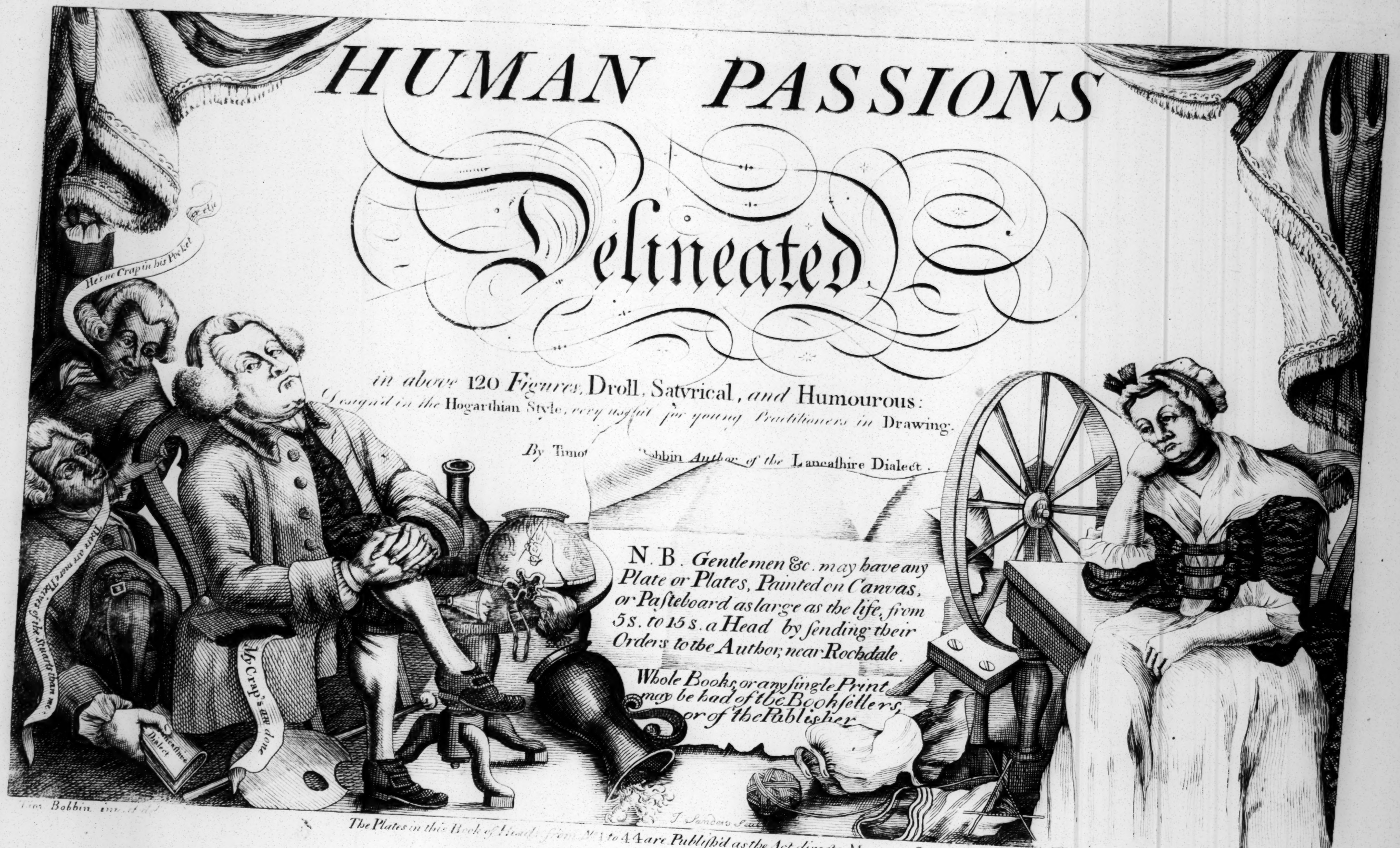
TIM. BOBBIN.
Remarks
Published as the Act directs, May 1775


HUMAN PASSIONS
Delineated.
in above 120 Figures, Droll, Satyrical, and Humourous:
Designed in the Hogarthian Style, very useful for young Practitioners in Drawing.
By Timo Bobbin Author of the Lancashire Dialect.
N.B. Gentlemen &c. may have any Plate or Plates, Painted on Canvas, or Pasteboard as large as the life, from 5s. to 15s. a Head by sending their Orders to the Author, near Rochdale.
Whole Books, or any single Print may be had of the Bookfellers, or of the Publisher
Here's Crap in his Pocket
Here's Crap's Arse out
Tim Bobbin
J. Sanders Sculp.
The Plates in this Book of Heads from N° 1 to 44 are Publish'd as the Act directs. May 1773.
by Robert Collier.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 71
FEB

Tim.Bobinv et Pinx

Published as the Act directs June 1773

T Sanders Sculp.

Published as the Act directs June 1773.

Tim. Bobinv. et Sculp. 1773

A

3

J. Collier Inv. del.

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773.

J. Sanders Sculpt.

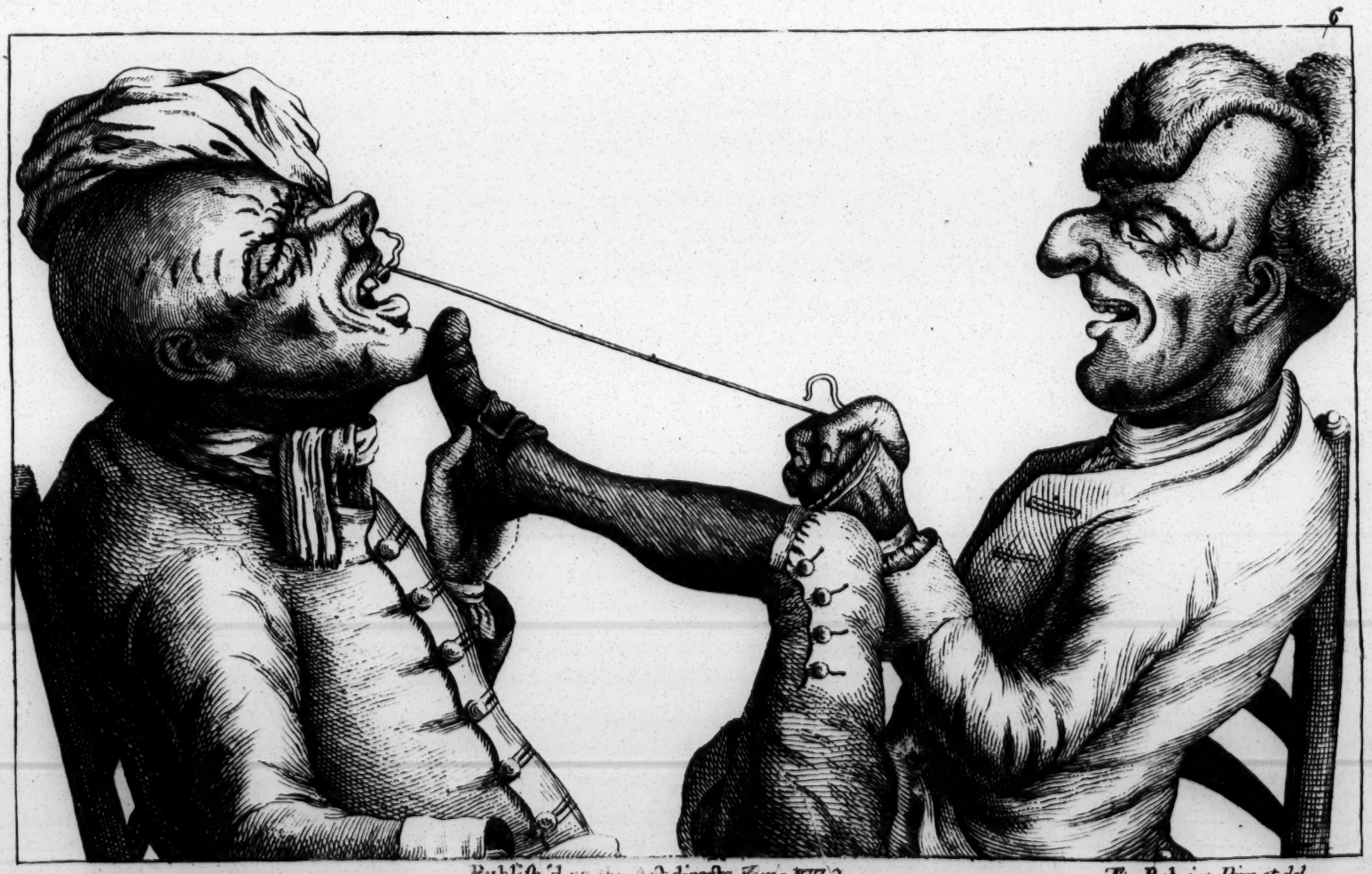
4

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773. *Tim Bob. inv. et Pinx.*

5

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773 *Tim Bob inv.et del.*

6



Publish'd as the Act directs *June* 1773. *Tim. Bob. inv Pinx.et del.*

Publish'd as the Act directs *June* 1773

Tim. Bob. inv. Pinx. et del.

Publiſh'd as the Act directs May 1773.

Tim. Bob. inv. et del.

A

9

T'im Bob. inv. et del.

Publish'd as the Act directs, June 1773.

Tho.s Sanders Scalpt.

10

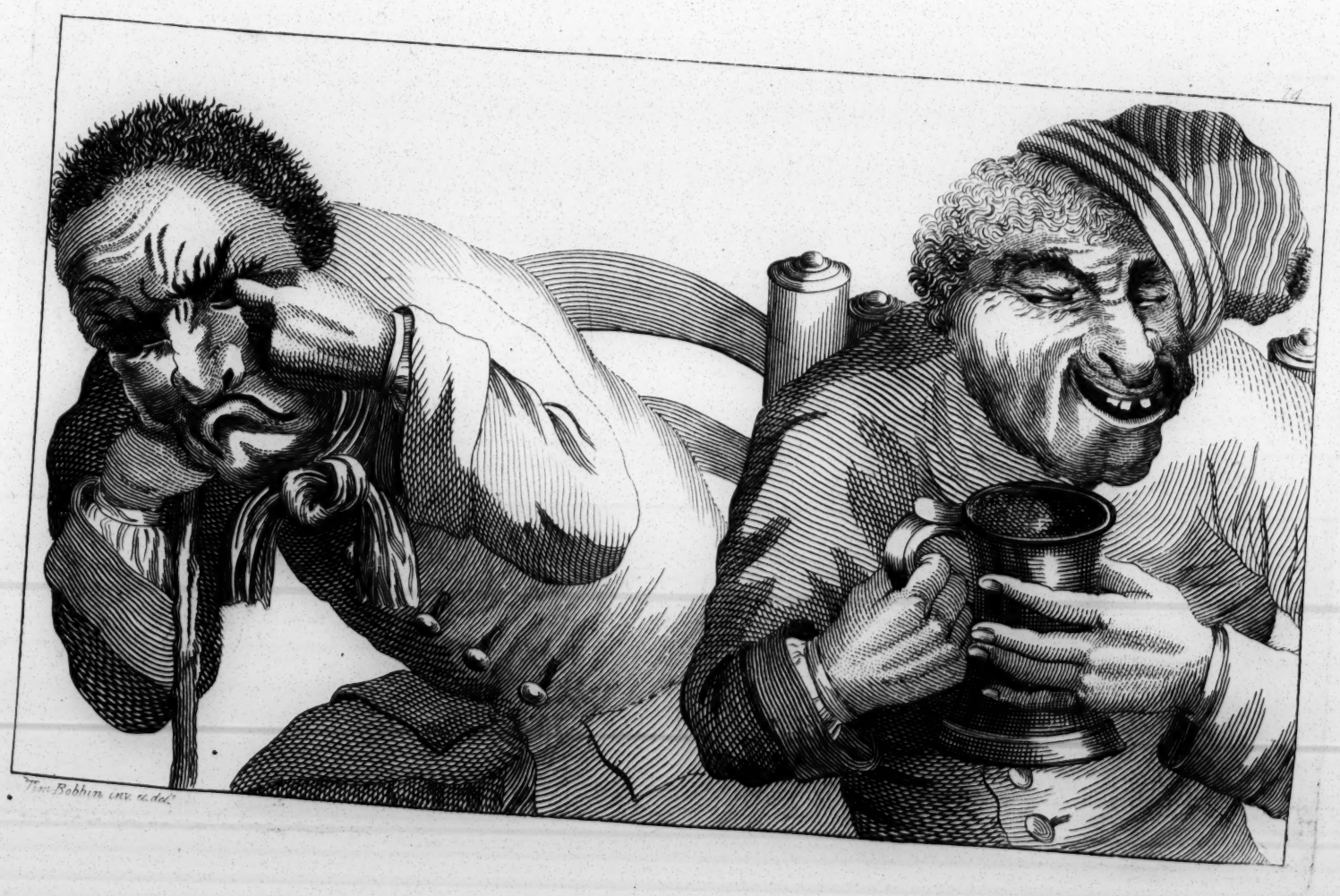
J. Collier Son. Del. Invt

T. Sanders Sculpt

11

12

A


Tom. Robbins inv. et del.

15

Tom Collins Pinxt

Published as the Act directs June 1773

Thos. Saunders Sculpt.

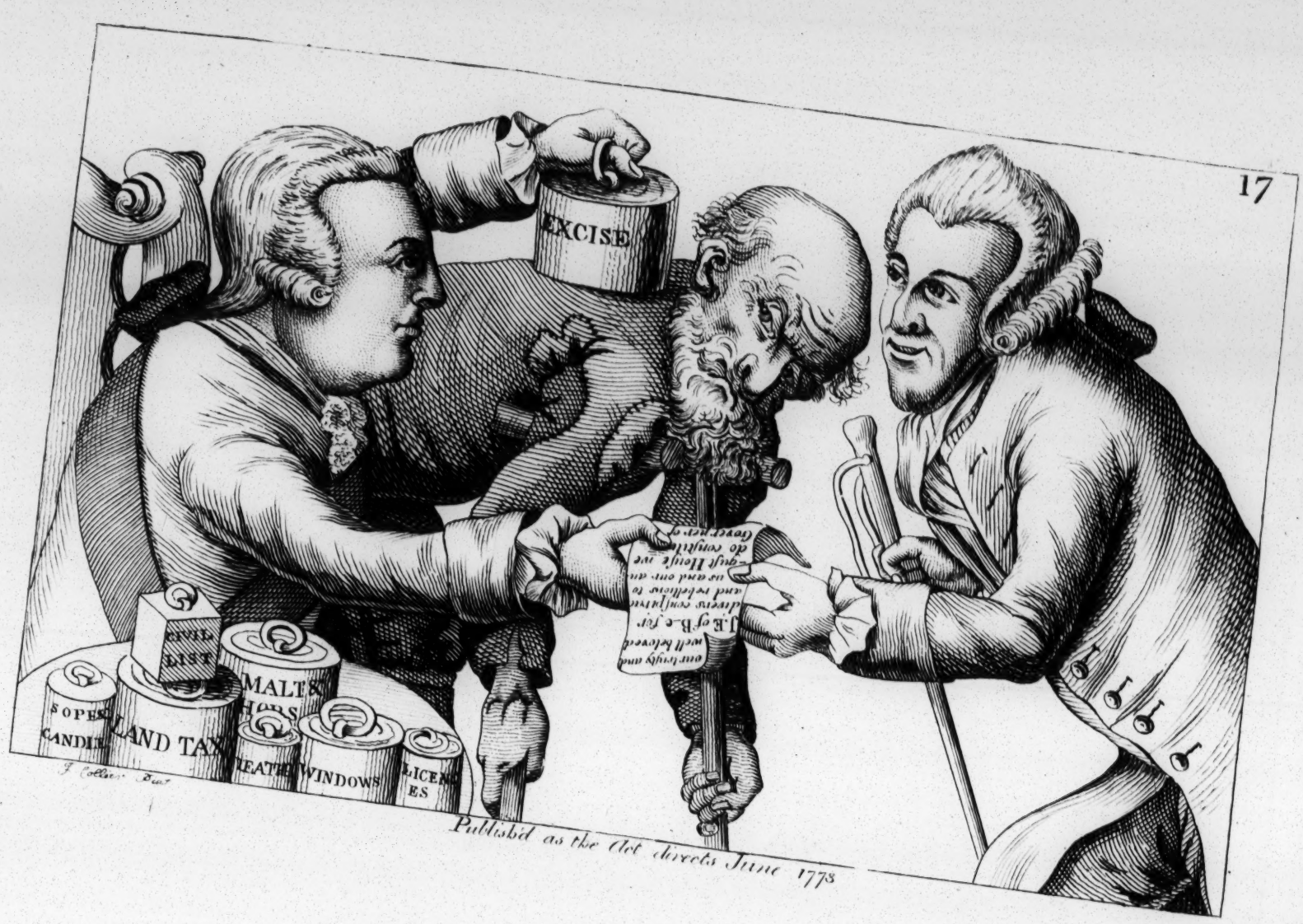
16

P. Collier Junr. del.

Published as the Act directs June 1773

T. Saunders Sculpt.

17


EXCISE
MALT&
HORS
AND TAX
WINDOWS
LICENCES
Publish'd as the Act directs June 1778

18

Crumbs of comfort for Chickens of Grace
Publish'd as the Act directs June 1778
Thos Sanders Sculp

4

19

J. Collier fils inv. del

E. Sanders sculpsit

20

J. Collier Invenit

E. Sanders sculp

21

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

22

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

Publishid as the Act directs June 1773

Published as the Act directs June 1773

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773.

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

27

28

Published as the Act directs June 1775

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

31

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773 — *T. Sanders Sculpt.*

32

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

Publishid as the Act directs June 1773

Publishid as the Act directs June 1773

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

Published as the Act directs June 1773

37

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1778

38

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1778

THE Pluralist and old Soldier

A Soldier maimid and in the Beggar's List,
Did thus addreſs a well-fed Pluralist.

Sol. AT GAUDALUPE my Leg and Thigh I loſt,
No Penſion have I, tho' its Right I boaſt;
Your Reverence pleaſe ſome Charity beſtow.
Heav'n will pay double...when you're there you know.
Plu. Heav'n pay me double! Vagrant—know that I
Ne'er give to Strollers they're ſo apt to lye:
Your Pariſh, and ſome Work, would you become
So haſte away, or Conſtable's your Doom.
Sol. May't pleaſe your Reverence, hear my Caſe; then
You'll ſay I'm poorer than the moſt of Men:
When *Malbro'* ſieged *Lisle*, I firſt drew Breath
And there my Father met untimely Death;
My Mother follow'd, of a broken Heart
So I've no Friend or Pariſh, for my Part.
Plu. I ſay, begone:—with that he loudly knocks
And Timber Toe, began to ſmell the Stocks,
Away he ſtumps—but in a Rood, or two,
He clear'd his Weaſand, and his Thoughts broke ther
Sol. This 'tis to beg of thoſe who ſometimes preach
Calm Charity, ev'ry Virtue teach;
But their Diſguiſe, to common Senſe, is thin,
A Pocket button'd—Hypocrite within.
Send me, kind Heav'n, the well tann'd Captains Face,
Who gives me Twelve-pence, and a Curſe, with Grace.
But let me not, in Houſe, or Lane, or Street,
Theſe treble-penſion'd Parſons ever meet;
And when I die, may I ſtill number'd be
With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.

FRATRES IN MALO: *or* Tim. Bobbin's *Rap at the* PYRATES.

WHere is the man who sees this motley crew
Would judge them brethren on the nicest view
Yet so it is—: the same look wondrous prim.
Their thieves alike; and all have robbid poor Tim.
Now since the partial Law no man relieves
Against these Pyrates, tho' the worst of Thieves.
Tim weeping takes his Room; resolv'd to sue.
And in's own Court be Judge, and Witness too.
First Preston's Stuart *heads the pilfring Troop:*
His Bro of London, stands the next ith' Group:
Which is the better man, or whether's worse
There's none can tell me—but, secure your Purse.
As for the first, cou'd Higginson but tell:
Or Peggy blazon what she knows too well.

Mankind wond'ring him converse they'd refrain.
And brand his forehead for a second Cain.
Mark brazen'd Finch *of Wigan how he stands*
With Bandyhewit *in his pilfring hands:*
This man damn'd Stuart *as a Rogue in Chief.*
Then bares his bum—and dubs himself a Thief.
See Hitch *and* Haws, *two men of great repute:*
By pilfring throve like Caledonian Bute:
Nor do they care from whom, or how it comes;
These rob for trifles, that for negotiy sums.
Then Bankrupt Scolfield, Mr *Hewish's squire.*
Wou'd thrive like Hitch; *grow high as* Haws, *or higher*
But he, like Phaeton, fell heels ov'r head.
And lyes th' Cave of Poverty, for dead.

Next dirty Eyres *of Warrington appears;*
He fears no Hemp—nor trembles for his ears:
In hugger-mugger lives as Wizzard black
Carring poor Tim, and Meary on his Back.
This makes him grunt—and Tom's stiff bridle tires:
Which suits them all, as well as nibbling Eyres.
Last northern Smith *chas'd from the Lowland Glens*
For B—ry and s—l—ng Geese and Hens
Comes fidging on—scratching his Puky arm,
In robbing Southerns, swears there is no harm:
Sets up in Halifax, Pyrates his Books
Dress'd up by Edinburh and Glascow Cooks:
And like your Chimney-sweep doth never blush
But Pyrates on, nor values Hemp a Rush:

And in his Once, twice, thrice; *its just a going;*
Prefers a Sixpence to a man's undoing:
Yet still this Saint oth' Kirk with Looks demure
Lets fly his Geld for private Room and W—e.
Now if the Pythagorean *System's true.*
The time may come that we these Rogues may view;
Some as Chaise Horses sweating in bad roads
Whipp'd hard by Authors, and prick'd on by Goads:
Some as Scotch Pedlars with great heavy Packs
Of beggar'd Poets riding on their backs:
Others in cunning pilfring Foxes Furrs.
Hunted by Writers in the shape of Curs.
All these eight Saints for Tim may make a Fleat
Waft him o'er Styx, and cheat old Charon's Boat:
And when on shore bear him on Palanquins
In sweat and toil to balance former sins.

Published as the Act directs May

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

T. Bob. inv. et del.

Published as the Act directs June 1, 73

Ah!— what misfortunes mortals do attend —;
They come unlook'd for, numbers without end!
For see, this couple had but just prepar'd
Love's Sacrifice and his warm Altar rear'd,
But lo! old Granydoodle's fist and frown
Breaks the Utensils, and throws the Altar down.

You slut, says she, when I was but eighteen
I durst not touch— I scarce a man had seen:
Nay, durst not think; or look one in the face,
But now shame's fled, and left no spark of Grace!
With that her Crutch these blushing Lovers parted
The Captain sighing— and Miss broken-hearted.

The Morning Visit

Dean MY Lord I hope your goodness will excuse
This early Visit, since my only views
Are centerd in the glory of your House,
And now have brought a trifle—for your Spouse
Of which I beg her kind acceptance——then
Rank me my Lord, amongst the happiest men.

Lord My rev'rend Dean, I'm glad to see you now,
Early or late: or any time, I vow:
What news abroad, my rev'rend Dean, what news?
Something's behind—have you no trifling views
In which my Interest can the least avail——?

Dean Indeed, my Lord, there is a flying tale
That my good Lord of B—h declines so fast
With Age, and Gout, this fit will be his last.

Lord I know he's old, and cannot long be here:
But, rev.d Dean, you know—what 'tis a Year:
'Twill gain me friends———

Dean ——— My Lord I know that's true,
And all the Interest in my pow'rs your due
In future times the same shall me controul
My Friends—— Estate——my Body, and my——.

Lord 'Tis well my rev'rend Dean—all's very right;
On these conditions you're put down to night,
You shall succeed———

Dean ——— All grateful thanks are due;
My gratitude shall shine, my Lord—: my Lord adieu.

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1773

THEY WHO HAVE EARS TO HEAR, LET THEM HEAR

Tim Bobbin inv. et del.

Behold this Group of Oddities, and then
You'll see how fancy works in diff'rent men!
How Conscience warp'd distorts each holy face,
Makes sighs and groans burst from these Babes of Grace.

One feels the Devil dancing in his maw;
Another's siz'd him to a mere Out-law.
Some feel sharp Thorns their Consciences to prick
And old done deeds do make their Stomachs sick:

Whilst Lasses mourn some late transactions past,
And looks repentant say—; they are my last.
Thus crazy heads are whirl'd about with wind
Puff'd out from crafty Knaves of evr'y kind.

Published as the Act directs May 1st 1772

TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS,

Non-subscribers, to any Body, every Body, or no Body,

T. B. sends greeting.

THE said T. B. is apprehensive that some few of his Subscribers (other folks he cares little about) will think he has made too free with Pluralists, &c. whilst others have plainly told him he cannot expose them too much: more he was unwilling to do than he has done, and less would not have pleased the majority of his friends.

He believes also, one inquisitive person or another will say, Who is this T. B.? where does he live? and what Business does he follow? He says mum — to the two last queries; but he thinks it a little incumbent upon him to answer ingenuously to the first, as it may in some sort apologize for his ludicrous draught of that (should be) Reverend Order the Clergy.

He's Lancashire born; and, by the by, all his acquaintance agree, his wife not excepted, that he's an odd fellow.

In the reign of Queen Anne he was a boy, and one of the nine children of a poor Curate in Lancashire, whose stipend never amounted to thirty pounds a year; and consequently the family must feel the iron teeth of penury with a witness. These indeed were sometimes blunted by the charitable disposition of the good Rector (the Rev. Mr. H----n, of W———n): so this T. B. lived as some other Boys did, content with water-pottage, buttermilk and jannock, till he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, when Providence began to smile on him in his advancement to a pair of Dutch-looms, when he met with treacle to his pottage, and sometimes a little in his buttermilk, or thinly spread on his jannock.

However, the reflections of his father's circumstances (which now and then start up and still edge his teeth) make him believe, that Pluralists are no good christians: that he who will accept of two, or more places, of one hundred pounds a year, would not say, *I have enough*, though he was Pope Clement, Urban, or Boniface, could affirm himself infallible, and offer his toe to kings. That the unequal distribution of church emoluments are as great a grievance in the ecclesiastical, as undeserv'd pensions and places are in the state; both of which, he presumes to prophecy, will prove canker-worms at the roots of those succulent plants, and in a few years cause leaf and branch to shrivel up, and dry them to tinder.

What can be greater tyranny in these diminutive popes, these luxurious lollers at ease, than to starve the far more laborious and religious part of their brethren, the lower clergy?

Or, how comes it, that all the pious instructions and florid preaching of our most learned divines, have not similar effects with the plain speeches of illiterate fishermen and mechanics on the first promulgation of the gospel? The answer is easy, for the reasons are plain,: The life and doctrines of these last were of a piece; they had not, or wanted, the honours, power, or wealth of this world: they endured poverty, with all its biting attendants; run all hazards to reform the ignorance and follies of those times, by inculcating virtue, and truths appertaining to happiness in another life; so their audiences saw no reason to doubt but they believed what they taught; whilst our elevated ecclesiastics only now and then vouchsafe to point us out the road to future crowns of glory, whilst their mimic humility is content with mere dross, ---- the pomps and vanities of this present world.

These oppressing Dignitaries should blush, instead of complaining, that libertinism and freethinking drive like Jehu, whilst they court simony in public advertisements, make use of bribery to procure Dispensations, Pluralists, and Nonresidencies. The common people are not so hoodwink'd now as in times of yore: ---- They cannot but have some doubts of that religion which is only made a stalking-horse of by those who should be their honest and holy guides. They see their actions----and know the marks they shoot at -----.

Some of these dignitaries, it must be own'd, are more honest in one point than common, for they scorn that sneaking and fanatical sin of hypocrisy: they not only buy and sell the highest church preferments without a blush, or prick of conscience, but they would establish Judaism by law, to please their court-patrons! --- turn Mahometans for greater revenues: --- or worship a Lama for ------ ------. Hold, hold, --- what will this Timothy say? Why the fool's growing angry because his father was poor; --- but give him a ------- ------- ------- and he'll be as hush as a Bishop ******, till then, 'tis thought Timothy will do things his own way ------- ---------.

THE

EXPLANATION of the PLATES

IN THE

Book of Heads,

ENTITLED

HUMAN PASSIONS DELINEATED.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

POOR Timmy keawrs in wofo sulky plight;
His crap's aw done, an aw's e pieces quite!
Wynte whistles in his empty bottil sooar;
His jug is wawtit, glas-s con ting no mooar.
Mall-stick an pallet booath lye on the greawnd,
Punch-bow's keel upport, an has lost its seawnd:
Sad pleagues are theese---yets had be empty purse,
Boh whot is that to that, ots ten times worse?
For see! the pyrates creep behunt an steyl
What shou'd be clooas, an furnish e'ery meel.
If that's naw wur, Tim's breans are addle groon;
For mine is mine, an yoars is yoars, yo known.

Theese make his crook'd-rib bleawnge e dolefo dumps,
On winnaw speke be neither signs nor mumps:
Hoo seys 'tis vein, an so hoo'! worch no mooar,
An's thrown hur sleeve an knitting on the floor:
Hur weel ne'er sturs, on winnaw yield a cop;
On as for punch, Tim munnaw tutch a drop!—

Ah!—that oytch pyrate, with the will, had heart,
With pistil cock'd, to act the foot-pad's part:
Then choance sometimes met throw the tyke his dew,
An clasp'd in ir'n, heng hee, for aw to view.

Boh sin the law is deawmp eh this sad kese,
On they steyl on, beawt redd'ning in the fece,
Bowd methodist I'll turn, on thus presume
Weh whining sob, belch eawt their future doom.

Thew justice mey these rogues, when deawn they're hurl'd,
Cheer-men to eauthors in another world.

EXPLANATION of PLATES 1 *and* 2.

FOUR statesmen here, all plac'd and pension'd sit,
Have drown'd all care, and murder'd patriot wit;
Their bellies fill'd with wine, their chests with gold,
Squeez'd from a nation which they've bought and sold.
No conscience pricks;---no dread of public wrath;---
They rob like Orford, or an Earl of Bath!
A groaning nation breaks no silken ease,
And only study how l---d B---te to please,
Thus warm'd within the down of regal wing,
Whilst England mourns, her statesmen laugh and sing.
O Britain's guardian, when wilt thou awake,
And on such vipers deadly vengeance take.

PLATE 3.

SEE here an emblem of a married life,
When filthy lucre joins a man and wife:
Each three times married, both expected riches;
Both sides are cheated,---and thus fight for th' breeches.
Disorder reigns!---all pleasure flies away;
Chagrin the night, and fury rules the day.

PLATE 4.

THIS hypocrite, whose holy look and dress
Seem Heaven-born, whose heart is nothing less:
He preaches, prays, and sings for worldly wealth,
Till old sly Mammon takes it all by stealth,
And leaves him naked on a dreary shore,
Where cant and nonsense draw in fools no more.

PLATES 5, 6, 7, *and* 8.

A Doctor once much puzzl'd was
To find out ways and means,
How teeth to draw of ev'ry class,
Without such wracking pains.

A packthread strong he ty'd in haste
On tooth which sore did wring:
He pull'd, the patient follow'd fast,
Like Towzer in a string.

6.

He miss'd at first, but try'd again,
Then clap'd his foot o'th' chin;
He pull'd---the patient roar'd with pain,
And hideously did grin.

But lo!---capricious fortune frown'd,
And broke the clewkin string,
And threw him backwards on the ground,
His head made floor to ring.

7.

An old wife next, with wrapt-up jaw,
And her last tooth, did come:
This tooth, thought he, I soon can draw,
And gain some credit from.

So he the pincers took in hand,
And pull'd with might and main,
But these slipp'd off, we understand,
Which much increas'd the pain.

This made the Doctor cast about,
And muse---in doleful dumps:
If fast with large teeth drawing out,
What must I do with stumps?

He puzz'ling star'd; next man, thought he,
I'll try the string again;
The knack I've found most certainly
To do't with little pain.

8.

Now string's put fast on tooth that aches,
Which round his hand he wraps,
A glowing coal i'th' tongs he takes,
And to his nose he claps.

The sight and smell of fire drove back
The patient's head in fright,
Who drew his own tooth in a crack,
And prov'd the doctor right.

THE EXPLANATION of the PLATES

IN THE

Book of Trades,

CONTAINED

IN SEVEN TRANSPARENCIES.

EXPLANATIONS.

PLATE 9.

THREE country bumpkins chanc'd to meet,
Whose phizzes look'd like vizzards;
The first, the second thus did greet,
Thy face is like some wizzard's.

The ugliest of the ugliest sort
Thou art, or I'm mistaken;
Sure nature made thee all for sport,
Or sight hath me forsaken.

2d. But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
And every feature's pleasing:
This I would swear on holy books,
But for my sin increasing.

For sure thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,
Would frighten any mortal:
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
On ent'ring grim death's portal.

3d. The third and ugliest of the three,
Cry'd, Lord!---how you're conceited!
I cannot stand a mute and see
Two neighbouring friends thus cheated.

I wonder why such mortals should
About their beauty fall out!
Were I as ugly I ne'er would
From my poor cottage crawl out.

For with an ax and alder tree,
I'd make two men as handsome:
Or live a slave in Tripoly,
And never sue for ransom.

PLATE 10.

SMART Captain Plume, much like a bird of prey,
Doth seize on Rose, as mention'd in the Play:
Bullock, her brother, with sagacious gloom,
Says, Ruose, he'll list thee---come away, come come.

PLATE 11.

"HERE the fair humble penitent behold,
"To the good father all her sins unfold:
"He hears, absolves, but mark his leering eyes,
"And judge by them where his devotion lies."
At her warm altar oft he's bow'd the knee,
Cancell'd the crime, and prais'd her chastity.
But take the story, which I've lately got
From that old conjurer, hight Michael Scott.

Old wealthy Walter married buxom Sue,
For young she was, and very handsome too:
She daily pray'd;---her beads slipp'd too and fro,
And to confession constantly did go;
Till squaint-eye'd jealousy prick'd Walter's mind,
Who study'd hard the hated truth to find.

This brawny monk (quoth Walter to himself)
Plagues me much more than hoarding all my pelf;
But I'm determin'd to find out my doom,
For no plague equals doubtful cuckoldom.

Now Walter follows holy Sue to church,
And in a pew lies perdue on the lurch;
He ey'd his wife, in penitential dress,
Counting her beads, and hearing th' heavenly mass.
This done, she in her turn fell down before
The good monk John, and mutter'd something o'er:
The father sigh'd---his bacon-head he shook,
And into private he poor Suky took
For to shastise---but not with whips, 'tis thought,
Which made our cuckold hastily cry out,
My God---my Suky!---ah, she's much too tender,
Give me the lash; who knows but that may mend her?
And down he falls upon his bended knees
To have the stripes---which Suky quickly sees,
And whispers John;---*Good father beat him hard,*
My sins are great, and sin shou'd not be spar'd.

Thus priests and monks of every order prove
Meer wicked laymen in the cause of love:
And women's nature from the first to last,
Will sometimes long forbidden fruit to taste.

PLATES 12, 13, 14, *and* 30.

SEE how these rustics liquor love to quaff:
They cry, who want it; having it they laugh.
O sweet possession! thou this diff'rence makes,
Thou teems with smiles and sprightly pleasure takes;
Whilst craving minds are gall'd with keen desire,
For some lov'd object, which they can't acquire.

Thus fav'rites oft enjoy, with souls serene,
What others want and long may wish in vain.

PLATE 15.

HERE Simon cries for Phillida,
And Mopsus laughs and loves her;
Damon hath stole her heart away,
No tears or laughing moves her.

PLATE 16.

AN envious whig, who's lost his place at court,
Quotes *Magna Charta*, and pleads warmly for't.
Let him get in, poor *Magna* is no more!---
Whigs pick our pockets, Tories make us poor!
So ins or outs are all the same t' a Briton,
Bep---t by tories, and by whigs be---t on.

PLATE 17.

WHEN Charles the second's jocund reign began,
All thought strict justice must lead up the van:
His friends rejoic'd;---fanatics drown'd in sorrow,
Did hide themselves like rabbits in a burrow.
These never thought to find one spark of grace,
Or saint-like virtue in the Stuart's race:
Knives,---ropes,---and gallows, conscience kept in sight,
And butcher's cleavers broke their sleep at night.

The royalists, whose treasures paid the cost,
Who friends---blood---parents---all---had for him lost,
Expected justice, and to be employ'd.
And seiz'd of lands their ancestors enjoy'd.
But mark a Stuart:---he forsook his friends;
Cherish'd his foes? and all for courtier's ends
Rewarded Rebels!---pension'd babes of grace!
Kept old friends out!---and hypocrites in place!

So have I seen in these our modern times,
Some men rewarded for rebellious crimes;
Plaids and blue bonnets smil'd upon with grace,
Enrich'd with pensions, and adorn'd with place,
Whilst every patriot's frown'd upon with scorn,
Oppress'd with taxes, grievous to be born!
Poor England's loaden till his sinews crack,
And quite broke down with weights upon his back;
Wrinkl'd and bald, o'ercome with care and pain,
But ease expects not whilst a R---mp doth reign.

You half French-Britons can you loll at ease,
As under vines, rul'd by such ---ngs as these;
Who when they're smitten on the dexter jaw,
Can turn the other, and fulfil the law?

PLATE 18.

HERE English beef and pudding lolls at ease,
Whilst French soup-meagre dupes him in the peace;
Wild Scotch instructions in side-pocket's cramm'd,
To see, and know them, is by Monsieur claim'd.
Who loads his paunch with wine; he chinks his gold;
And thus at Paris we were bought and sold!
And seventeen hundred and sixty-two will stand
A pyramid 'mongst blunders of this land!
Awake thou sluggard, stand thy country's friend,
And to this adage carefully attend:
"Fat bellies make lean pates, and dainty bits
"Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

PLATE 19.

SO have I seen a justice on the bench,
Brow-beat and scold a poor deluded wench,
Who when at home, with Molly snugly plays,
Tickles her tuft, and laces on her stays.

EXPLANATIONS.

PLATE 20.

THE queerest contrast which my fancy yet
Hath sketched out, is here before you set.
The man behind, in thoughtful look and dress,
Some sage philosopher, perhaps you'll guess.
The other heads you'll say are easier known,
And two French fops, methinks, you've put them down.
But, stay, my friend, and listen to my verse;
These monstrous heads too, are philosophers:
Mere Solomons, !--- for herbs they know them all,
From sturdy oaks, to house-leek on the wall.
These living now, and that in times of old,
Seem east and west, and makes the contrast hold:
Proves other nations can turn French baboons,
Besides mad English, and the wise Scots loons:
And fashion here hath play'd her wildest pranks,
In dressing *Plato*, *Solander*, and *Banks*.

PLATE 21.

MY Lord at Arthur's sharp'd of all his store,
I'th morning quested how to finger more:
He heard old Screwby oft supply'd the needs
Of broken rakes, who had good title deeds.
So he bunch'd up two packets, like in shape,
Ty'd in blue paper with a silken tape:
One deeds of land, seven hundred pounds a year,
The other parchments old and cancell'd were.
The genuine packet he to Screwby took,
Who hem'd and haw'd, and thro' the whole did look;
He lik'd the ware --- and after coughing twice,
With twang of nose, he query'd thus o'th' price.

And pray, my lord, what may you want on these?
One thousand pounds, old father, if you please;
And in the morning this day week, at nine,
A thousand more---security is thine.

My lord---a mortgage---mortgages I want,
Things dubious grow; --- and money's wondrous scant:
On these fair terms, a thousand down I'll lay,
And the remainder on the mention'd day.
So Screwby counts the cash; the deeds secures:
My lord wheels off to gambling, rakes, and whores.

Time on his wings brings the appointed day,
On which his lordship doth the visit pay;
Who in his pocket takes the feigned deeds,
Besides the thousand which his project needs.

The usual compliments no sooner past,
My lord, in bustle, seem'd to be in haste:
Come, Mr. Screwby --- come, the writings soon,
And let me see if honesty be done.

Old Screwby then lays down the mortgage deeds;
His lordship dams each article he reads,
And throws them down: --- old Screwby all aghast,
Clearing his weasand, thus broke out at last.

My lord, there's no man --- no man, on my word,
Will lend his cash; --- and not be sure, my lord.

Why dam your surety: these I'll never sign;
Here take your trash; --- and give me what is mine.

Old Screwby scratching both his elbows, said,
My lord, for writings five pounds must be paid.
Here 'tis; but give me first of all what's mine;
Thou hast the cash, and mortgage deeds are thine.

But they're not sign'd, and so not worth a straw;
Nor ever shall be whilst my breath I draw.
My lord took up, and found the writings right,
And tied them up again in Screwby's sight,
And in his pocket where th' sham writings lay,
He put them close, and coolly bad --- good-day.

Griev'd to the soul, old Screwby sore did fret,
That he cou'd not this precious morsel get:
His stick he takes---his greasy hat put o'er
His brown-white wig, and limp'd hard out of door
After his lordship: Ho --- my lord --- ho lo!
Pray what's to do, old father grey-beard now?

If't please you, Sir, what must I give in hand,
For you to sign, and let this bargain stand?

Two hundred pounds ---: besides two thousand down,
And then I'll sign, --- the mortgage deeds your own.

Come back, my lord ---: for witnesses I'll send,
Sign you and seal, and so this job we'll end.

Gripe now in stretched bags of solid sounds,
On table set twenty-two hundred pounds.
His lordship throws the mimic writings down,
And thus each face has banish'd ev'ry frown.

The mortgage deeds are executed fair,
Gripe put's th' old parchments in his bosom bare;
Whilst solid gold my lord lugs to his chaise,
And makes it fly 'mongst courtiers, whores, and plays.

The new-made deeds so fill'd old Screwby's head,
That the false writings never once were read
Till two months past; and then he nearly scans
The shou'd-be deeds of all the mortgag'd lands.
When lo! old leases, with determin'd dates;
Some cancell'd bonds; parchments of law debates,
Salutes with wonder his old winking eyes;
Which made him start from chair in great surprize!
His piss-burnt wig he whirls upon the ground,
And stamping on't, he wildly stares around!
What --- must our nobles cheat the poor --- quo' he,
And still be screen'd from stocks, and pillory?
Must thus the king give titles to the great,
With power to ruin, murder, rob, and cheat?
Must some pack'd rogues thus plunder all the rest,
And when we're bankrupts, laugh it into jest?
But I'll have right;---or stab the titled knave,
And sweetly go reveng'd unto my grave.

Old Screwby now is close upon the scent,
In every place his lordship did frequent.
Some knew the man;---some knew he lov'd a whore;
But all affirm'd he dy'd six weeks before.
At last he meets two friends, who testify'd
He very fairly in a duel dy'd.

Gripe, full to th' throat, his grief in sighs burst o'er;
Nor ever thought of his remaining store.
For he by squeezing rich and poor, we find,
Full thirty thousand still had left behind:
But yet so hanker'd after what was gone,
He must have that, or else he would have none:
For this lost sheep was such a fatal blow,
He'd even fetch it from the shades below.
This was resolv'd ---: Tears flow'd for loss of pelf:
He hastens home, and there he hangs himself!

Calm reason judge; give sentence if thou can,
Which murder'd most the character of man!

PLATES 22, 23, *and* 24,

BEHOLD the dress from monkey-lands brought o'er,
And by our English apes at present wore:
Hair comb'd with art, as sleek as mouse doth lie;
Pomatum fumes, sweet-scented round them fly.
The plaister'd pyramid aloft doth rear,
And powder'd wings, expanded, fly in air!
A load of hair hangs tumbling on the back,
Which vaunts in size with muckle Sawny's pack.
Would you not laugh to see these frightful heads,
Beneath blue bonnets, and o'er chequer'd plaids?
Then why the loons should lengthen their long jaws
With French toupees, *nae Scot*, *nae Sootheron knaws!*
Children unborn such portraits will surprize;
They'll lift their hands, and turn away their eyes!
Think their old dads deep learn'd in monkey tricks,
But sucking babes in all their politics.

Yet let it none but macaronies stain,
Who liv'd in George the third's mad fluctuating reign.

PLATE 25.

THIS heart of oak, who in the storm
At the Havanna did perform
Great feats, and shew'd his mettle;
Is just arriv'd with thoughts elate,
And only dreams of being great,
And boiling oft his kettle.

EXPLANATIONS.

One hundred pounds th' Pay-master knew,
His part o'th' prize was justly due,
But then, poor tar must stay:
He did so, three long years and more,
The courtier still kept back the ore,
And holds it to this day!

When dunn'd again, he acts the farce,
Th' exchequer's low---our money's scarce,
And premiums hints at large:
My friend, quoth he, your time's not come;
Your impudence is troublesome;
Your debt I'll not discharge.

And now the tar six guineas owes,
But cannot pay them, so he goes
To lobspound, where he lay
Until this honest heart of oak
With usage bad, and grief was broke,
Such game our rulers play!

PLATE 26.

OLD squint-ey'd Nan, who, by the paultry trade
Of selling wooden-spoons and ladles, made
A shift to live;--- and get tobacco too,
And call'd sometimes where folks good ale did brew.

One sultry day old Nanny supp'd so deep,
That all she sold would scarce the balance keep;
Which griev'd her sore; so she resolv'd to try
If wealthy farmer Jones would something buy.
She try'd indeed;---but found all out of tune,
For corn and cheese had drop'd that afternoon.
Nay more than that; he heard King George would stay
Corn's shipping off,---and things would lower each day:
They'd nothing buy.---Old Nanny shook her head,
And with a sigh, thus to the farmer said:
Weel measter, weel:---boh one think e yer ear,
Spoons win be spoons, who lives another year.
Eigh,---win they so, owd deme? quo' Mr. Jones,
If that be hit, I'll buy um aw for once.
I know the owd proverb which is true I wot,
"A penny sav'd, is just a penny got."

Thus Nan was broke; and well it was no worse,
And budg'd away with money in her purse,
And laughing said---*This seely lucky hit,*
Shews gowd may harbour, where there's want o' wit.
Roytch fok I see, han naw awth' wit ith' ward;
For int wur so, the poor wou'd quite be marr'd.
Let't leet heawt will, I've tow'd no lye, I'm sure,
Nan con tell true, altho' hoo's meety poor.

PLATE 27.

A Well-fed vicar tired with thinking,
And fairly overcome by drinking;
Forgets his flock and holy cause,
Rakes with a vender of the laws,
Who scorns the trade of under-sapping,
Doth fairly take his rev'rence napping;
And with a glass of claret wine,
Law canonizes the divine.

PLATE 28.

QUOTH Hal to Dick, I know it's true
Thou courted Doll, my wife;
Nay, fame doth whisper, k----d her too,
Which thought's the plague of life.

That fame, quo' Dick's a lying bitch,
Whom none but fools will hear:
But knaves, quo' Hal, give th' courtiers itch,
For which I wring thy ear.

PLATE 29.

"TOGETHER they totter about,
"Or sit in the sun at the door;
"And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
"His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

PLATE 30.

HERE Yeddart with his little nose
Doth envy Hodge his great one;
As often poorest folks do those
They have their clothes and meat on.

For envy like to vital air,
Runs through all sorts of people:
Through th' pompous court and country bare,
And lords of ev'ry steeple.

PLATE 31 *and* 32.

A Pitcher fill'd with nappy ale,
Old Hodge and Roaf did hide
Within a hole i'th' kitchen wall,
And thought no mortal spy'd.

Arch Toby, seemingly asleep,
Saw what the carles had done;
And to the place did softly creep,
As soon as they were gone.

He found the tap most excellent,
And fell to't tooth and nail:
He drank till he was nearly spent,
And found his strength to fail.

So he another pitcher got,
And off he took the rest;
And left its likeness in the spot,
Which prov'd the cream o'th' jest.

For Hodge and Roaf had got their cheese,
And went to fetch the ale:
But only found a pint o'th' lees
That purl'd from Toby's tail.

Finding but little left behind:
Old Hodge would have his half:
He drank --- but pick'd it up we find,
And left it all for Roaf.

PLATE 33.

WHAT various ways we different mortals press,
To that fam'd goal, the world calls happiness!
Some take ambition's high and slipp'ry road;
And some rich viands make their chiefest god.
Some wine, some women; some love cards and dice;
Some think full bags all human bliss comprise.
Some love retirement; some for pleasure roam,
And some for books do starve themselves at home.

But here old merry Kate, and Nan, and Bess,
Find nearer ways to climb to happiness:
Gin punch and flip, are all their sole delight;
They laugh at th' world, and swear they're only right.

PLATE 34.

THUS plenty sits with pipe and liquor,
In look and dress much like a vicar;
Whilst poverty stands ragg'd and starving,
Fat plenty gives her --- *not a farthing.*
Not once vouchsafes to look upon her,
Lest he should lose both health and honor:
For 'tis a scandal to be sure,
That silk and lawn should look o'th' poor;
Whose meagre faces may infect,
A body plump and intelect.
Then who would run such risques as these,
The poor and lousy for to please?
Their heads were better stuff'd at college,
With richer sense, and plumper knowledge;
And learn'd --- plumb-pudding presentation
Chimes sweetly with a dispensation.

Then how can they forget the rules
They oft bring with them from the schools?
Which are so rivetted and fast,
They stick like burrs unto the last.

EXPLANATIONS.

PLATE 35.

ADJUTANT.

THE Prince commands that you bring up the horse.

GENERAL.

Ah Lord, what mean you by this strange discourse!

ADJUTANT.

The horse must aid the foot, and them preserve;

GENERAL.

But I think best the horse lie in reserve:
For should a ball but graze this skin of mine,
As I'm all heart, I must my soul resign.

PLATE 36.

NOW poor old Toby knows the worst,
For lo! his suit he's gain'd:
Yet with a client's luck he's curst,
For all his cash is drain'd.

His garden, with his cot he's sold,
To pay the lawyer's fees:
So Toby and his doxy old,
Must want their ale and cheese.

PLATE 37.

BEHOLD ye worldlings whence true pleasure springs;
Not from much wealth, or from the smiles of kings.
A single bottle sets our minds at rest;
'Tis not full bags, contentment makes the feast.

PLATE 38.

THE court and country here depicted are:
One's fat and jolly; t'other's poor and bare:
Plenty sits smiling on the courtier's brow,
Whilst meagre want the country's face doth shew.

PLATE 39.

A soldier maim'd, and in the beggar's list.
Did thus address a well-fed pluralist:

SOLDIER.

AT Guadaloupe my leg and thigh I lost,
No pension have I, tho' its right I boast;
Your rev'rence please some charity bestow,
Heaven will pay double---when you're there---you know.

PLURALIST.

"Heaven pay me double! vagrant, know that I
"Ne'er give to strollers; they're so apt to lie:
"Your parish and some work would you become;
"So haste away;---or constable's your doom.

SOL.

May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and then
You'll say I'm poorer than the most of men.
When Marlbro' sieged Lisle I first drew breath,
And there my father met untimely death;
My mother follow'd of a broken heart,
So I've no friend or parish for my part.

PLU.

"I say begone"---With that he loudly knocks,
And Timbertoe began to smell the stocks:
Away he stumps:---but in a rood or two,
He clear'd his weasand and his thoughts broke thro'.

SOL.

Thus 'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach
Calm charity, and all the virtues teach;
But their disguise to common sense is thin,
A pocket button'd; --- hypocrite within!
Send me, kind heaven, the well-tan'd captain's face,
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curse, with grace:
But let me not in house, or lane, or street,
Those treble pension'd parsons ever meet:
And when I die, may I still number'd be
With the rough soldier to eternity.

THE

PASSIONS, OR DISPOSITIONS OF THE MIND,

ARE

EXPRESSED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS:

ADMIRATION, Plate 10.
ANGER, 3. 9. 27.
BOUNTY, 17.
BRIBERY, 18.
CARELESSNESS, 32.
CONTENT, 28. 32. 36.
COMPLAISANCE, 17. 19.
COURAGE, 3. 24. 27, 29. 34.
COVETOUSNESS, 21. 33.
DEFORMITY, 9. 13. 29. 30.
DESIRE, 11. 12.
DISDAIN, 7. 15. 19.
DISTRESS, vid. Poverty.
DRUNKENNESS, 1, 2. 18, 26.
ENVY, 9. 16. 30.
FASHION, 20, 21, 22, 23.
FEAR, 8. 10. 30.
FOLLY, 9, 10. 23, 25.
FURY, 3, 9.
GOODNATURE, 17. 28.
GRIEF, Title. 13, 14, 15. 35.
HATRED, vid. Anger.
HOPE, 12.
HYPOCRISY, 4.
IDLENESS, 18.
INNOCENCE, 18, 19. 29.
LAUGHTER, 5, 6, 7, 8. 12, 13, 14, 15.
LOVE, 15.
LUST, 11.
MISERY, vid. Poverty.
MIRTH, 5, 6, 7, 8. 12. 16.
OLD AGE, 20. 28.
OPPRESSION, Title. 17.
PAIN, 3. 5, 6, 7. 17. 27.
PENITENCE, 11.
PLEASURE, vid. Content.
PLENTY, 18. 33.
POSSESSION, 12, 13, 14. 29.
POVERTY, 33. 37.
PRIDE, 20, 21. 23.
SATISFACTION, vid. Content.
SCORN, 7. 15. 19.
SLEEP, 18. 26.
SORROW, Title. 11. 13. 16.
SULLENNESS, 33.
SURPRISE, 7. 9. 12. 25. 30. 34.
WEEPING, Title. 13, 14, 15.

PRINTED BY J HARTLEY,
IN THE MARKET-PLACE, ROCHDALE.

EXPLANATIONS.

PLATE 6.

ADJUTANT.

THE Prince commands that you bring up the guard.

GENERAL.

Ah Lord, what mean you by this strange discourse!

ADJUTANT.

The horse must aid the foot, and there prevail.

GENERAL.

But I thy best the horse in reserve;
For should a ball but graze this skin of mine
A life as dear, I must pay with mine.

PLATE 7.

TOBY poor old Toby knows the worst
For he has his son's gone de
Ver with a cripple's left leg cruel
For all his cash to drink'd.

His garden, with his cot he's sold,
To pay the lawyer's fees:
So Toby and his dozy old,
Must want their ale and cheese.

PLATE 8.

BLINDED by wealthy's wheedling tone plaintive sighs;
Not from much wealth, or time the smallest sign;
A single bottle sets our minds at rest.
'Tis not full bags, contentment makes the man.

PLATE 9.

THE vessel and country here depicted are:
One's fit and jolly, t'other's poor and lazy:
Plenty sits smiling on the country's face,
While misery wears the country's face quite sheer.

THE

EXPLANATIONS OF DISPOSITIONS OF THE MIND.

ADMIRATION, Plate 10.
ANGER, 8, 9, 27.
ANXIETY, 12.
BRIBERY, 18.
CREDULOUSNESS, 39.
CONTENT, 25, 32, 39.
COMPLAISANCE, 17, 19.
CONFIDENCE, 5, 24, 27, 30, 32.
CONFUSION, 21, 23.
DEFORMITY, 6, 15, 29, 30.
DESIRE, 11, 13.
DISPLEASURE, 7, 15, 19.
DISTRESS, vid. Misery.
DRUNKENNESS, 1, 4, 18, 26.
ENVY, 9, 10, 31.
FASHION, 30, 31, 36, 38.
ZEAL, 8, 10, 20.
FOLLY, 9, 10, 20, 26.
GRIEF, 3, 5.
GOODNATURE, 17, 24.
GUILT, Title, 18, 14, 15, 35.
HATRED, vid. Anger.
HOPE, 19.
HYPOCRISY, 14.
IDLENESS, 18.
INNOCENCE, 18, 19, 20.
JEALOUSY, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, 15.
LOVE, 16.
LUST, 11.
MISERY, vid. Poverty.
MIRTH, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 16.
OLD AGE, 20, 28.
OPPRESSION, Title, 17.
PAIN, 3, 5, 6, 7, 17, 27.
PENITENCE, 17.
PLEASURE, vid. Content.
PLENTY, 18, 36.
POSSESSION, 19, 15, 17, 20.
POVERTY, 33, 37.
PRIDE, 29, 31, 32.
RAISING NOTION, vid. Conceit.
SCORN, 7, 10, 19.
SLEEP, 18, 26.
SORROW, Title, 11, 13, 16.
STUPIDNESS, 39.
SUBMISSE, 7, 9, 19, 25, 30, 31.
WEEPING, Title, 12, 14, 15.

PRINTED BY J. HARRIS,
St. Mary's Gate, Cheapside.

15 FEB 71

ERRATA.

In the Author's Address, 6th line, for draught, read draughts.
Ditto last Paragraph, 1st line, read drive on like.
Ditto ditto, 2nd line, for Pluralists, read Pluralities.
Explanation of Frontispiece, for foot-bad, read foot-pad.
Ditto Plate 11, line 13, for squaint-ey'd, read squint-ey'd.
Ditto 30, read 31.
Ditto 31 and 32, read 32 only.
Ditto 4th verse, line 3d, for spot, read pot.